UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXIX — CHICAGO, MARCH 24, 1892 — NUMBER 4

UNITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR,
ELIA PARKER WOOLLEY, ASSISTANT EDITOR

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

ICHARD BARTRAM, ELLEN T. LEONARD,
VILA BLAKE, JOHN C. LEARNED,
HARLES F. DOLE, EMMA E. MAREAN,
OHN R. EFFINGER, R. HEBER NEWTON,
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1.00 A YEAR, 10 WEEKS ON TRIAL FOR 10 CENTS.
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 ents per line. Advertisements of book publishers eceived direct; other advertising through LORD & HOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this aper when answering advertisements.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Editorial.

ANDREW LANG'S "Blue Poetry Books" and Palgrave's "Children's Treasury of English Song" are pronounced by Miss Agnes Repplier, in her article on the "Children's Poets," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, as the most nicely discriminating books of children's poetry to be found. This judgment will be of interest and value to many who have the education and training of children in charge.

THE article in the March number of the *New England Magazine* on Louisa May Alcott arouses anew the conviction that her father stood at the center of the most romantic episode in the history of thought in America. How quaint, how simple, how absurd, how divine! He was a disjointed fragment come before his time to tell us what plain living and high thinking the race will attain to some day, millenniums hence, perhaps, but some day sure.

THE Sunday evening course of lectures in All Souls Church covers a wide and varied field in its discussion of practical topics. Mr. S. W. Allerton, of the Chicago Board of Trade, spoke recently, and occupied the platform with an address on "The [illegible] Bill," an [illegible] which the *Herald* is disposed to [illegible] very facetiously, speaking of [illegible] Allerton as "Rev." and consequently [illegible] on his "sermon." But it was n't so much of a sermon after all, it adds, for "there is no altar in 'Dr.' Jones church, and no choir, and no pretty little boys in nightgowns moving round with candles." In further description of a church so little deserving the name, the readers of the *Herald* are told how Mr. Allerton "talked from a platform, on each side of which was a bust of a hero. In front of him was a stand with a bunch of lilies on it, and the congregation sat below in little red camp-chairs." There is a serious mistake here; the chairs are yellow.

IN the confirmation class of All Souls church, the studies recently reached a talk upon four great epoch-making sermons in the history of American Unitarianism, the children becoming so much interested that they hit upon the device of asking four women friends to come in and tell them more about these sermons. "Four Great Sermons by Four Good Women," they called the course. On page 27 the reader will see how one of them told about one of the sermons. We leave our readers, old and young, to guess what the other three sermons are.

FRANCIS E. ABBOTT, in response to an invitation of the committee on programme to be present and take part in the coming Unitarian anniversary at Chicago in May, writes, "I should very much like to accept your kind invitation to give a paper on Agnosticism, at your Western Conference gathering, but it will be plainly out of my power to get away from my work here. I am very sorry I can not say yes, for I am more than friendly to your western men, and should like to meet you all." All of our friends in the West will greatly regret the inability of so clear a thinker to be present and help us by his word and presence.

AN English writer, Rev. H. K. Haweis, has lately published a book on "American Humor." Like a true Briton the author takes a very serious view of certain aspects of our national fun-making, as when he says of Mark Twain's story of the jumping frog, that he does not himself share the sense of amusement which comes from filling a frog with shot in order to prove that it can jump no further than any other frog. Mr. Haweis does not apparently realize that he is himself funnier than any of the examples of our despised American joke he so laboriously analyzes and attempts to explain. Happily, our own state of culture is not yet so advanced as that of our English progenitors, so that instead of feeling obliged to dissect and classify our humor we are only under the easier obligation to enjoy it. And foreign critics help very much to increase this enjoyment.

A RECENT English visitor at Paris and M. Renan's, expresses his surprise that the distinguished Frenchman, who was speaking of the obstacles imposed in difference of language to any adequate understanding of the English literature, save in its most distinguished examples, should have known nothing of our own Dr. Holmes. But we venture to say that this surprise will not strike the American mind in the same proportion. Not that we do not recognize with gratitude and pride the high place the author of "the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" and "The Chambered Nautilus" has won; but where he seems to stand nearly side by side with Emerson and Lowell in the English estimate, he fills an entirely different place—honorable, but not so high, in the minds of his countrymen. The pains the modern Englishman takes to understand American humor has been elsewhere noticed, and Dr. Holmes is chiefly valued by our transatlantic cousins as a humorist, just as, so we are often told, Lowell's rank as a poet rests mainly on the Bigelow Papers.

AN amusing and suggestive story is told by Arlo Bates in a recent letter to one of our Sunday papers. It is of a lady who at the beginning of Lent went into a picture store to purchase a picture of the Madonna, which she wished to hang in the room of an expected visitor. The dealer asked her if there was any particular Madonna she preferred. The reply was in the negative, the purchaser going on to say that though her niece was "dreadfully High Church" she thought she should prefer a Unitarian Madonna herself. When the shopman was obliged to confess that he did not know that particular variety, it was soberly described to him as "one without any of those things on her head." Searching about among his wares the dealer was able to find a Madonna without a halo, with which his customer departed entirely satisfied. The lady was right; most Unitarians are able to dispense with the halo, feeling taste as much better satisfied as the conscience in its removal.

A WRITER in the *Evening Post* of this city has been making investigations and reports that the family Bible is dead. He refers to the big, ponderous volumes, leather-bound and gilt-clasped, with blank pages for all the family records, which used to adorn the center-tables of our grandfathers. Such wares lie uncalled-for on the booksellers' shelves; a loss in trade that symbolizes a hopeful growth in taste, and no loss in real religious feeling and belief. The same writer notes that there never was a time when the Bible was more carefully studied and talked about than to-day. He commends the work Unitarians are doing in the instruction of the young on this subject; but he adds that their example does not, after all, count for much since this is but in accord with their liberal professions in general, and "they are but a feeble folk numerically." It is something to know that though half-despised for our insignificance we are at least graded as fairly honest and in earnest.

UNITY has received an ably written circular letter from the publication house of Vickery & Hill, Augusta, Maine, urging the necessity of a paper fractional currency. We take pleasure in adding our word in favor of this reform. The present system of postal notes for small remittances, is about the worst government humbug that was ever devised. It puts the remitter to unnecessary trouble, not to speak of the fee of three cents, and it also puts the recipient to the trouble of having the note cashed, while it affords not a particle of safety, for any dishonest carrier or clerk who takes a postal note from a letter can cash it easily as can the person for whom it was intended. The people of the United States would gladly receive and keep in circulation about fifty million dollars of paper fractional currency, and instead of being an expense to the government, this would make a saving of interest on a like sum of United States bonds. The one secret of the opposition to this measure probably lies in the fact that its adoption would throw a little extra work on the banks. It remains to be seen whether the banking interest is still, as heretofore, more powerful in shaping legislation of this kind, than all other interests combined. If there are other and more valid objections to this movement we are ready to consult them and, if need be, revise our opinion.

THE article in the *Cosmopolitan* for March, on The Columbian World's Fair, by M. H. De Young, President of the National Commission and member of the Board of Control, contains an interesting historical review of the great international exhibitions held thus far, and, in this way, gives the figures and estimates often asked for. It shows that, while the last and most triumphant of the world's fairs, that of Paris, covered in its buildings only an area of 62 acres the main buildings alone at the exhibition at Chicago will cover 103 acres. The writer concludes that there will be "no disappointments, that the Chicago Exposition will be a success artistically, educationally and financially, and that it will greatly contribute to the glory of our republic." The article closes with the hope that the American people will regard it "as something having a broader aspect than commercial gain." Will the intelligent and moral citizens of the United States help make it such, an exhibition of the humanities, a fair of the amenities and graces that belong to the race?

The Western Unitarian Conference.

There are eight weeks before this body gathers again in our city. It will come with the accustomed attractive programme for the thinker, new problems for the worker, and pressing opportunities all around. It is time that those who believe in the importance of the work it represents, and the significance of the Chicago Headquarters activity to take prompt steps to see that the annual contribution is promptly taken in our parishes, and, if possible, enlarged. The trying episode in the history of the Conference occasioned by its thought attitude is apparently well-nigh over with. There remains the more important problem and the more pressing question as to whether now, as its right to exist is conceded on all hands, it will prove worthy the trust imposed in it. If the experience of the past means anything, it means that the active efficiency of an idea, as well as of a manufactory, depends

on its having an increasing vitality at the center.

The work done at the Chicago Headquarters, and the cause Western Conference represents is broader, more practical than the interest that can be identified with any number of organized churches, be they few or many. There is no reader of UNITY but who is directly interested in the work the Western Conference has in hand; no sympathetic student of progressive religion but what is concerned with the issues involved.

Many of our readers are relieved, against their will, from the expenses of a local, liberal church. Will not these deem it a privilege to be counted in this fraternity of undogmatic fellowship that has its headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago? We trust that our treasurer will be enabled to report through these columns from time to time, not only the prompt contributions from the societies, from which we have reason to expect, but an increasing number of individual subscriptions from the friends of the cause, made such through the reading of our literature and kept up through the weekly visits of UNITY and the contact which it gives them with the thought and the work of the Western Unitarian Conference. There must be on our list several hundred men and women who would be glad to be counted in this fellowship, and only need to be reminded that one dollar a year makes them annual members of the Conference while twenty-five dollars enrolls them as life members, to avail themselves of these chances. These memberships secure to the holder all the privileges of hospitality, and rights to the floor on all questions, the only reservation being the right to vote. This, wisely and justly, is reserved to official representatives of societies that have qualified themselves for membership, thus keeping the organization a democratic and representative body of the purest kind. Let the subscriptions come, and let the list of individual memberships grow so, that next May the Western Conference may gird itself for activities worthy the quadri-centennial year. Whatever the decision of the National Conference may be concerning its meeting in Chicago during the World's Fair, there will be no halting on the part of the Western Conference and the Associated State Conferences in the work of preparing an adequate meeting of the friends of liberal religion for that exceptional opportunity. Get ready to come to Chicago in May. One of the ways to get good ready is to send beforehand the contribution that represents your full heart, from as full a purse as circumstances will permit.

A Unitarian Reunion.

The Unitarian banquet at the Sherman House, on the evening of the 16th, occurred just too late for mention in our last issue. For two months a committee representing the four churches of the city and the society at Hinsdale, has been busily at work devising ways and means for a general meeting of Unitarians, the movement having been inaugurated by the old Unitarian Club, in the hope of replacing this organization with a larger and more representative one. Learning that Rev. Robert Collyer was about to visit the city, the committee arranged for a meeting at this time, letting further action as to a permanent organization depend on the interest shown here. The result was all that could be desired. Two hundred and sixty men and women sat down at the table at the Sherman House. President Shorey acted as master of ceremonies, and after the dinner had been dispatched, introduced the guest of the evening in his own felicitous way. He also took occasion to congratulate those present on the promising outlook for the future such a gathering showed, and to urge the Unitarians of Chicago to a more careful consideration of the chances within reach for the propagation of the liberal faith; calling special attention to the opportunities presented in the World's Fair and the establishment of the new university for a new church in the extreme southern portion of the city.

Mr. Collyer was most cordially greeted when he arose. He had prepared no set address, he told us, but meant instead to "reminisce" a little. He then passed in brief review his work in the Unitarian ministry, marked, he said, by three great turning points, when he looked for "the shining of the light" and followed where it led. The first time it led him away from his English home to Philadelphia; the second time it pointed to Chicago and the work of the ministry at large in that new and thriving city, the third time it shone a literal and baleful fire in the burning of the city twenty years ago yet brought undiminished hope and courage for the future. He spoke of the rich pleasure it always was to come back to Chicago, visit old scenes, mark its wonderful growth and greet the unforgotten friends of the former days. The appointed speakers who followed were Hon. George Adams, who spoke a word of hearty appreciation from a layman's point of view of Mr. Collyer's work in Chicago and Unity Church; Rev. A. W. Gould who paid a tribute to Unitarianism for its priceless gift of liberty of conscience. Rev. W. W. Fenn then told us how the young working men and women of Boston in the days when he was one of them, used to watch for and welcome the coming of Robert Collyer.

This ended the prepared programme, but calls being made for Mr. Jones and Mr. Milsted, each spoke a word of congratulation and fellowship. Mr. W. E. Furness spoke on behalf of the committee of arrangements, of the plan to form a permanent organization to be called the Unitarian Club of Chicago, and it was voted to ask the ministers of each of the five churches and also the newly-formed society at Evanston, to appoint two members from their respective societies to act on a committee on organization. Owing to the lateness of the season no attempt will be made to hold another meeting until next fall, but the signs are most hopeful for the formation of a large and useful club in the near future, report of whose proceedings will duly appear in these columns.

C. P. W.

Professor Bixby's Book.*

We are all evolutionists nowadays, but we are evolutionists with an IF. We are evolutionists as we are Christians, or democrats, or temperance men. There are evolutionists and evolutionists. All which goes to show that we are not agreed as to the fundamental grounds of the doctrine, or as to the methods whereby the principle is established; no doubt there is movement: are we quite so sure there is progress? Or is progress, after all, rather a going backward than forward—a getting back to causes rather than a pressing on to results—at best, a circular motion? A class of thinkers seem to see signs of development in *things:* another sees all evolution dependent upon *personalities.* One rests satisfied with matter and its forces, as accounting for universal changes; another sees everywhere the operation of thought and will.

Are causes and results equal? Are they of equal importance in the study of evolution, whether in the sphere of physics or morals? Can the cause be detected in the result, or the result be learned from the cause? Is the inductive or the deductive method better for arriving at the truth, or must we have both?

In the book before us, we have one of the keenest criticisms of Mr. Spencer's "Data of Ethics." The weakness of the principle of utility or happiness, as an incentive to duty or measure of virtue, is relentlessly shown. The question of morals is not a question of results, good or bad, —that is useful or harmful, pleasure-giving or pain-giving, but a question of *motive.* "Every proper moral judgment is of a *person doing*, not of a *thing* done."

The moral qualities of acts are determined "by the conscious purpose in which they start.', This is fundamental. And because Mr. Spencer's system ignores this, it falls to pieces.

Mr. Bixby defines happiness as "a simple equilibrium between desire and attainment." This can not be made a moral end. This makes "push-pin as good as poetry," or gives us the beatified oyster. Moreover, we see no necessary connection or augmentation of pleasure with the advancing stages of evolution. We see great progress, as in vegetation and the lower animals, with no corresponding increase in pleasurable sensations. "The full-grown cat is undoubtedly more completely evolved than the young kitten. But the playful kitten no doubt has much more pleasure." The chattering monkey and contented cow may be happier than man; and probably the Samoan savage gets more enjoyment out of life than the civilized European. Then again, intense pleasure is often deleterious of life, and hence not to be desired. And it is very doubtful if all the improvements and well-being of modern civilizations have increased the average of happiness of men. The desires of life, of comforts, luxuries, wealth, knowledge have grown far beyond the modern man's power to satisfy them. He is now "farther from a perfect equilibrium between his longings and his attainments, than the negro of the Gold Coast."

Our criticism of this part of the book would be that utility and happiness are taken in too narrow a sense. There are other elements under those names to be reckoned with, even in the writers cited. No doubt environment is made too much of, as either making or marring pleasure. But in man, certainly, outlook and freedom, and the possession of faculty, though attainment or equilibrium is never complete, are sources of happiness. The exercise of mental or physical energy is one of the chief pleasures of existence. The hunter's delight is rather in the chase than in the capture; and Lessing said, though attained truth were offered him in the right hand of God, and the joy of seeking it in the other, he would choose search rather than possession.

In the reconstructive part of his argument, Mr. Bixby makes many suggestive statements, as, duty is "the equation demanded by conscience between our actual and our ideal manhood." "In the Spencerian ethics, man is essentially a sensitive being, not a thinking being,"—a result more than a cause. Yet "even on the theory of evolution, the moral germ must have been in existence previous to man." The idea of right is older than the social organization "when legal punishments or dread of ghostly vengeance or divine retribution" come into play. "The explicitly moral can come only from the implicitly moral." Indeed, the moral ought, is an ultimate and unanalyzable fact—and the ground of all worship. "Man is a part of a mor[al] universe," with reason capable of discerning its moral laws. "The power that manifests itself in the universe is one that ever makes for righteousness," and the conception of duty in the human soul points to a righteous cosmic life, to a divine and universal will.

L.

**The Crisis in Morals:* An examination of Rational Ethics in the Light of Modern Science. Boston: Roberts Brothers. By James T. Bixby.

Men and Things.

A BILL providing for Sunday opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has passed the senate of the State of New York.

THE price of admission to the World's Fair has been placed at fifty cents. Congress will be asked to appropriate between six and eight hundred thousand dollars to bestow in medals and to pay the judges who are to decide on the merits of exhibits. There were two hundred and forty jurors at the Philadelphia Centennial.

DR. ALICE B. STOCKHAM, the author of "Tokology," is just completing her tour around the world. She is expected to sail from Yokohama, Japan, for San Francisco on the 4th of May. Her book, although belonging rather to hygiene than literature, is one of the most remarkable successes among western publishing ventures, it having already reached a circulation of about 200,000 copies.

THE fashion of saying "God bless you!" after sneezing, originated with the ancients. These people believed that some danger attended sneezing, so they generally made a short prayer, such as "Jupiter, help me!" It has been found to be the custom among savages to do the same, and the Jewish rabbis also make mention of the fact. An old Roman writer says that the custom originated during a plague, when people who were seemingly in good health sneezed and fell dead.

THE family Bible belonging to George Washington's mother is on exhibition at Mt. Vernon. It has a cover of homespun cloth, put on by its original owner, and is wonderfully preserved for its age, all its pages being still intact except a few at the beginning torn out and placed in the corner of the Mary Washington Monument at Fredericksburg, Va. The first entry in it is that of the marriage of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball, in 1731, and the next is that of the birth of George Washington, February 11th, 1732 (O. S.)

MRS. M. FRENCH-SHELDON is the only woman who has led a caravan through a wild portion of East Africa. With only a maid as companion, she started from Zanzibar with an escort of 138 black men. From Mombasa she penetrated to Kilima-Njaro, covering in all 990 miles, and walking nearly all the way. It is said she was received everywhere by the savages with wonder and respect; and that being a woman, she was able to study the home conditions and customs of the natives in a way far more efficient than was possible for other travelers.

A STORY is going the rounds of the press about the wife of Meissonier who once sent for her family physician in great haste. On finding that his patient was not the great painter but a pet dog, the doctor was much incensed but ministered to the pet and cured him. He, however, presented at the end of the year no such item in his bill, and on being asked with regard to it, said he was not a veterinary surgeon and could therefore make no charge, although he was glad to do the kindness. On the lady insisting, he replied: "The hinges of my garden gate are rusty. Ask Monsieur Meissonier to bring his brush and paint them for me."

WE had occasion, not long ago, says the *Independent,* to warn Bishop Brooks that he must not repeat his indiscretion of writing to his clergy on paper bearing his individual instead of his Episcopal monogram; "and here we find that he has multiplied his offence, which we were told was ecclesiastical ill-breeding, by appearing in public services—*horresco referens*—'*without his robe*'—that is, we suppose, his bishop's gown and purple—we believe it is purple—necktie. And—dare we say it—he went, not long ago, to a miscellaneous meeting and wore—again we hesitate—a—a coat that was '*not black.*' We can go on no further. We faint.

THE work of the Columbian Association of Housekeepers has already been spoken of in these columns. Its latest enterprise is the engagement of Miss Lucy M. Salmon, of Vassar College, for a course of six lectures on Domestic Service. The lectures deal with the "Historical Aspects" and "Economic Aspects" of the subject, the "Present Condition of Domestic Service," its "Suggested Remedies" and "Possible Studies," closing with a review of the work in the Woman's Exchange. They are to be given in the lecture room of the [illegible] Church Temple, 17 Van Buren street, on [illegible] 25, 26 and 31; April 2 and 4. Miss Salmon will be a guest of Mrs. John W[illegible] 482 La Salle avenue.

Contributed and Selected.

To Mine Helper.

To God and man we are debtors, and we pay
Neither with thankful hearts their honest due;
Low in desires, to our best selves untrue,
Our very prayers are venal, for we pray
Chiefly for gifts, not grace, to make the day
Suffice; that arched with heaven's stainless blue,
Shows God's great glory shining down and through,
And opens for the faith-winged soul a way.
Yet, will I not a thankless debtor be
To thee, who took me sick and suffering in,
Who cured my blindness so that now I see,
And taught my soul to triumph over sin;
Christ's brother-Saviour, thou hast won for me,
What Christ unaided had not power to win.

A. L. C.

Channing's Baltimore Sermon.

Doctor Channing's famous Baltimore sermon, preached in 1819 at the ordination of Jared Sparks, was a signal-gun. It waked up a great many people who had been sleeping over religion, and thinking church was a good place to take naps in. It marked a new epoch in religious thought. Mr. Gannett says, "It made a sensation probably greater than any other sermon ever preached in America." Yet I suppose if you were to read it through, from the first page to the last, you would not think it very startling or very original. Then what is the secret about it? And why has your confirmation class voted it among your four great sermons? Let us go back to the time when the century was young, and see if we can find out.

The Baltimore sermon was preached seventy-three years ago, long before your fathers and mothers were born, and perhaps before any of you had even a grandmother. You think they were pretty old-fashioned times when grandmother was young, and wore her hair combed straight down over her ears, and had no matches to light her fire with, and kept a spinning-wheel in her parlor, maybe, instead of a piano. The ministers, too, of Channing's time were old-fashioned in their dress, and just as old-fashioned in their preaching. Only, we must never forget that some things, like grandmothers themselves, never grow too old-fashioned to be good. So it was with some things in religion.

William Ellery Channing never attended a Unitarian confirmation class. He was seven years old when the first Unitarian church in America was born. And he could n't attend that, because it was in Boston and he was in Rhode Island, and he did n't know anything about it anyway. When he went to church he used sometimes to hear things which made him very unhappy. One story about his churchgoing I want to tell, because I think what he heard that morning was one reason why he preached the Baltimore sermon, twenty-six years afterwards. I will tell the story as his nephew tells it. "His father took William in his chaise one day, as he was going to hear a famous preacher in the neighborhood. Impressed with the notion that he might learn glad tidings from the unseen world, he listened attentively to the sermon. With glowing rhetoric the lost state of man was described, his abandonment to evil, helplessness, dependence upon sovereign grace, and the need of earnest prayer as the condition of divine aid. In the view of the speaker, a curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. William, for his part, supposed that henceforth those who believed would ve[illegible]ndon all other things to seek this [illegible]ile vation, and that amusement and [illegible]re ythly business would no longer [illegible]or-beapy a moment. The service over, [illegible]e ony went out of the church, and his [illegible]ere so[illegible] [illegible]ently father, in answer to the remark of some person, said with a decisive tone: 'Sound doctrine, sir.' 'It is all true, then,' was the boy's inward reflection. A heavy weight fell on his heart. He wanted to speak to his father; he expected his father would speak to him in relation to this tremendous crisis of things. They entered the chaise and drove along, but, absorbed in awful thoughts, he could not raise his voice. At length they reached home; but, instead of calling the family together, and telling them of the appalling intelligence which the preacher had given, his father quietly read a newspaper. All things went on as usual. At first, he was surprised. . . Soon, however, the question rose,—Could what he had heard be true! No? his father did not believe it; people did not believe it! It was *not* true! He felt that he had been trifled with; that the preacher had deceived him; and from that time he became inclined to distrust everything oratorical, and to measure exactly the meaning of words; he had received a profound lesson on the worth of sincerity."

He was a little, delicate fellow in those days, with a mind a good deal bigger than his body. "Little Minister," his elders called him, for he used to play preach to the chairs in the kitchen; "little King Pepin," because he was a leader among the boys and had some right royal ways; and, best of all, "Little Peacemaker," because he once thrashed a boy bigger than himself for being mean to another boy smaller than either of them. And he never killed a bird in his life. These, I suppose, are some more reasons why he grew up to preach the great Baltimore sermon.

When this century was in its cradle, Channing was twenty years old, which made it always easy for him to remember his age; and when the century was three years old, the "little minister" was grown to be a big one, and began to preach in earnest—very much in earnest, too. He did not call himself a Unitarian then, but a liberal Congregationalist, and it was not until he had preached twelve years that he took upon himself the new name—a name which brought much distrust and pain. He and his brother ministers were accused of teaching many doctrines thought to be false and immoral. When Jared Sparks was to be ordained the minister of a new Unitarian Church in Baltimore, and Dr. Channing was asked to preach the ordination sermon, he thought he ought to take the opportunity of stating and explaining the beliefs which the majority of Unitarians really held.

The sermon was a clear and powerful statement of the principal doctrines which at that time distinguished Unitarians most widely from other denominations, or in regard to which they were most often misrepresented. I will try to give the main points as briefly as possible:

First comes his thought of the Bible. He says: "We regard the Scriptures as the records of God's successive revelations to mankind, and particularly of the last and most perfect revelation of his will by Jesus Christ. Whatever doctrines seem to be clearly taught in the Scriptures, we receive without reserve or exception." But he did not consider all of the books of the Bible equally important, and looked upon the teachings of Moses as adapted to the childhood of the race and as a preparation for the nobler teachings of Jesus. Thus far his orthodox friends could not quarrel with him very fiercely. But Unitarians, he said, had been accused of using their reason too freely in explaining the Bible. In reply to this he said, "The Bible is a book written for men, in the language of men, and its meaning is to be sought in the same manner as that of other books." Many things in the scriptures, he thought, had reference to a state of society different from ours, and must not be blindly obeyed now that they are no longer adapted to the times and conditions. "With these views of the Bible," he added, "we feel it our bounden duty to exercise our reason upon it perpetually." Bold words were they to be spoken in those old-fashioned days, three-quarters of a century ago. But Channing never went so far as to say that if a text of scripture seemed to teach an immorality or an evident untruth, there could be anything the matter with the Bible. He only said there was something wrong in the way it was understood. In other words, he found a great deal of fault with the interpretation of the Bible, but no fault with the Bible itself. But he did lay down a principle which has been the axe to hew down much superstition, when he said, "If the Bible and reason are ever found to be at war with each other, reason must stand and the Bible must fall. . . . I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is a revelation of His will.

Having explained his method of interpretation, he next spoke of some important beliefs which he based on Bible evidence.

First, the unity of God: Dr. Channing thought it was fair to suppose that when the Bible says, "There is one God even the Father," it means exactly what it says. To speak of three persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and to say that these three are one, is to say what nobody can understand. He believed the New Testament plainly taught the doctrine that God is one, and that those who believed in the Trinity borrowed their belief from other sources than the Bible. He complained of this doctrine that it confused the mind by making three beings of God and two beings of Jesus Christ, a God and a man. To believe that one being means two persons, two minds, two souls, is to confuse language, and is a great tax on human credulity.

The next point considered was the moral character of God according to the two systems. It has been thought by Christians that God's power raises him above the necessity of goodness, and that he is not responsible to the laws which govern other beings. Channing taught in this sermon that nothing could be good in God which is evil in man, and that we are called upon to worship him, not because he is our Creator, but because he created us for some good purpose. We must obey him, not because he is stronger than we, but because his will is the perfection of virtue. A thing is not right because God wills it, but, he wills it because it is right. "We respect nothing but excellence, whether on earth or in heaven. We venerate not the loftiness of God's throne, but the equity and goodness in which it is established." Such a God would punish only to save and bless. His highest justice would be the tenderest mercy, and would seek above everything else the virtue and happiness of the guilty. Channing thought of God as a wise and tender father, and of the world as a place of education where his children are sent to school to be trained by joy and by suffering, by play and by toil, by loves and by temptations, to a worthier life.

The Unitarianism of 1819 had not outgrown the old belief in miracle. Channing looked upon Jesus as in some sense a supernatural being, and believed his death to have some peculiar influence in removing punishment. He believed in the resurrection of Jesus, and based on that, in some measure, his hope of immortality. But here the preacher rises higher. "We regard him as a saviour, chiefly as he is the light, physician, and guide, of the dark, diseased and wandering mind. . . . . Why pluck the sinner from hell, if a hell be left to burn in his own breast? Why raise him to heaven, if he remain a stranger to its sanctity and love?" And again, "We believe that all virtue has its foundation in the moral nature of man." He suspected loud professions and watched for obedience. His test of religion was evermore, Character. "One surrender to God's will," he said, "is worth a thousand transports," and once more, "We regard the spirit of love and charity as the brightest image we can bear of God."

Now if you are tired of this, I will try to say it over again, and say it shorter:

The Unitarianism of 1819 had traveled a long way and had grasped some great truths. It taught that the mind of man is God's best gift, and that it is a profane use of any book to make it a ruler over reason. It said, man is attracted to the good by some inner sense, as a plant grows towards the light. It had learned the unity of God and had reached a sense of his fatherhood. It taught that deeds, not creeds, must be the measure of religion, and that no man has a right to dictate what his neighbor shall believe.

On the other hand, the Unitarianism of 1819 differed from that of 1892 in at least three important points. While 1819 still believed the Bible to have come down from God to man in some supernatural way, 1892 says the world has many bibles which have grown and are still growing out of the human heart, and the best are yet to be. 1819 believed in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which suspended the laws of nature to feed a few hungry fisher-folk, but 1892 has climbed to a faith in that greatest of all miracles, a universe whose laws we may trust because they are changed by no accident and turned aside by no partiality. 1819 preached a superhuman Jesus, sent by God to lift men from the dust, while 1892 teaches the divine possibilities in every baby born among you.

This sermon is calm in its tone, and clear in its logic, full of "sweet reasonableness," most persuasive and convincing. Its spirit, from first to last, is that of one of the opening sentences, "God deliver us all from prejudice and unkindness, and fill us with the love of truth and virtue."

So Channing's lantern lighted a big, dark spot in the world. Of course, he had a great deal of help to climb up to his visions. He stood on the shoulders of some English Unitarians and many other wise men away back in history, whom you know all about and I don't, because you are almost through the confirmation class and I have only just begun. Then Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson came along, and climbed up on Channing's shoulders, and looked over and saw what Channing never dreamed of; and here is your teacher, standing with all the pyramid below him. He ought to be able to see twice around the world, and farther too, by this time; and now the confirmation class is climbing up his ladder, and by and by, perhaps, you will see farther than he does now, and lend a hand to help the climbers that come after you.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

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Church Door Pulpit.

Society and Sociability.

PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEB. 28, 1892, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

I want to try once more to make a study of some things very near home, and to speak plainly of a very practical but baffling matter. Bear with me, if I seem to be rude, and do you correct my observations, if, measured by your own experience, they are wrong. Do you also verify my conclusions if, judged by the same standard, they are right.

The words "society," "sociability," "social," are related to deep things in human life. They hinge upon fundamental principles in human progress. They measure the development of man. If we could forget the technical use of the words, we could safely say that savagery is individualism, and that civilization is communism in some high and noble sense. Man grows, not only out of his own resources, but out of the resources of the community. At last creation arrives at a recognition that

> "All are needed by each one,
> Nothing is fair or good alone."

Progress is a system of exchanges. Intelligence is a means of understanding another's wants and profiting by another's experience. The root of the words society, social, etc., has an implication of exchange. The social man is the man who can share. Combination, the grim word of trade, the ominous thing in finance, the economic danger of the hour, is and always has been the hope of the world. Let combinations go on. Their very egotism must at last bloom into altruism. The combinations of selfishness will at last defeat themselves, and the very devil of greed must ultimately learn to smile, to be genial, to be generous. Bees and ants have learned to combine, to protect and perpetuate themselves in their present condition. They conserve the past; they hold fast to what they have got. Men and women are learning to combine in the interest of the future. They labor for that which they have not, and for the things they do not know. Jesus sent forth his disciples two by two. At the end of nineteen centuries the gospel method is to go forth to help the world by fives, by tens, by hundreds and by one hundred times one hundred. The splendid associations in science, in art, in reform, in religion, are all of them great social forces, splendid combines in the interest of the higher life. The sun has never shone on anything more spiritual and more potent on this earth than these great compacts of human energy, the missionary and educational forces of modern life. The most social phenomenon the world has yet arrived at is that thing which is now being formulated at Jackson Park,—the World's Fair. When we have that gathering of the nations, we shall have a church social indeed. A parliament of the religions of the world will be a society event worth having, and we shall all do well in seeking an invitation. Religion is cramped in solitude. The soul best discovers itself in the eyes of another. It measures its own power in the needs of another. It finds its inspiration in the wants of another. A hermit religion is irreligious. Solitude as a vocation is a poor business. Retirement of mind, like the retirement of body, is only for renewal, a fresh equipment, that you may again go into the world to give and get more abundantly.

Society that is comradeship, society that is companionship, that is an exchange of human commodities, that adds to another's store of life without decreasing your own, is something altogether lovely, noble, beautiful, desirable, and it is in the search of this high communion that the forms and ceremonies, the conventionalities and technicalities of the community have come to be. Their noble origin should put an end to their ignoble continuance, now that they hinder what they were meant to help.

Having said this, I wish I might speak much more and much better in the interests of that fraternity that makes us one another's helpers, that commissions each as his brother's keeper, that weaves the slender threads of our individual lives into that worthy fabric, good for ornament and for use, which we call society. This is the heavenly weaving of human history. Now you are better prepared, perhaps, to be more patient with me in my study and possible arraignment of that inane tyrant, that senseless and lifeless something which is called "Society," with a capital "S" and a circumflex accent. This "Society," presided over by that other something, still more shadowy and impersonal, which we call "Fashion," is that which drains so many pocket-books of money needed elsewhere, exhausts so many bodies of vitality that ought to be used in other directions, consumes so much time that might be better employed, paralyzes the heart that needs to be vivified, stultifies the mind that needs to be quickened, defeats so many objects and vacates so many pursuits vitally related to the welfare of the world. I well realize that, when we talk about this kind of "Society," the boundary line of it is like the boundary line of Egypt in southern Illinois,—it always begins with the counties "just south of here." It is hard to find any woman who will confess to being a "Society" woman, and, I suspect, still harder to find a man who will plead guilty to the "soft impeachment." When you go hunting for "Society," you never find it, that is, if you have a gun along. But let us not miss our point this morning by evasion. I do not mean those who live in the "next county." I am not speaking of McAllister's "four hundred," who, let us give thanks, have recently been reduced to the hundred and fifty, that are the lingering remnants of a dead, rotten aristocracy; but I am speaking of those things which tyrannize over our lives, of what Herbert Spencer calls "the inanities of gloved and scented party-goers," those gatherings of which Mr. Spencer again says, "The enjoyment seems in the inverse ratio to the preparation, where the figures are got up with such precision and finish that they appear but half alive. They have frozen each other by their primness. Your faculties feel the numbing effects the moment you enter. You see ladies sitting disconsolately waiting for some one to speak to them and wishing they had the wherewith to occupy their fingers. You say 'thank you' with the sense of being a profound hypocrite. And when at length you escape into the fresh air and see the stars, how you thank God that it's over, and half resolve to avoid such boredom for the future." I mean these exactions of conventional life that insist on calls that are most agreeably made when the other party is out and you can discharge your debt by leaving your card; this thing that compels you to dress and eat and attend that which does not approve itself to your judgment, or gratify your taste, but which you must do, or think you must do, in order to keep in the miserable procession that is girded with artificiality and gilded with insincerities.

I blame this "Society" for the consideration that is granted to wealth, position, and to prominence, and withheld from worth, loveliness, and the intelligence that may not possess those other things. I mean that "Society" which delights in "our set" rather than in our sense, that subordinates the claims of home, of church, of the mind and the heart to the claims of an invitation which will run up an account of obligations that you dread; obligations you ought not to assume, but which you dare not try to escape for fear you will be counted out of something. The "Society" I mean is that which makes fashionable dress a necessity, late hours inevitable, and artificial manners and social dissipation seem justifiable.

I would like to break the rule of fashion. I would like to dethrone "Society" and to release every one from the thralldom of dinner parties given to those he does not like, and of social calls which result in non-communicability, making small talk inevitable because there is too little heart or sincerity in the company to make large talk possible. I would like to persuade you not to undertake to serve high causes by these low tricks of conventionality.

I would like to show that all this stuff of conventional "Society" is a relic of a lower order of civilization, a survival of the superstitions and traditions of a coarser past. Nose-rings, anklets, bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings are scientifically related, and represent a historic descent. The early chief's real battle-scars, the young brave's assumed scars which grew into elaborate tattooing, the war paint, the powdered face, the painted lips, the penciled eyelashes and eyebrows, the stained finger nails, the "beauty-spots," are again, all of them, traditions of barbaric life. Men used to wear breeches stuffed with bran and shoes peaked to a point which curled up like the runner of a cutter. Women wore bell girdles and barreled skirts, which were the direct antecedents of the high heels, the low necks and the long trails which represent the vulgarities of modern society as proved by the student of evolution. When the queen has a bald head, and a bit of lace is devised to cover the defect, all the ladies come to caps. When royalty has a goitered neck, the ruff designed to ameliorate it becomes classic. The emaciated slimness of a few dissipated women at court makes small waists desirable, and it has put perhaps ten generations of women, fat and lean alike, into corsets. It is supposed that a club-footed queen was the source of the less harmful tyranny of tight shoes in China. If a woman's body is to be pinched anywhere, in the name of all sense and religion let it be her feet rather than her waist. Compress the toes rather than the lungs. Better distort the bones than the viscera wherein lie the life-giving and life-making functions. The evening dress is the "swallow tail" for gentlemen, this was the every-day coat for everybody a hundred years ago. The plug hat now reserved for state occasion was once the common tile of the drayman. The university dress, the college shovel-board, are simply the common dress of two or three centuries ago. English judges wear the wig so as to assume the venerableness which they may not have. The buttons on the backs of our coats are surviving fragments of the sword and belt which used to finish the gentleman's attire, and the buttons on our coat sleeves have been there ever since they were devised to keep the royal guards from wiping their noses on their sleeves. The cause has happily been removed, but the buttons still remain. Butchers, waiters and ministers are still devoted to the white necktie, an unconscious badge of an antique servitude, a remnant of an old livery. "Whatever the Paris ladies wear this year the Chicago ladies will wear next year, you may depend upon it, even though it be live birds on their hats," was the testimony of an experienced dealer in such goods.

Herr, Don, Senor, Sire, Sir, Lord, Master, Mister, Madam, Lady are all words that in their very etymology indicate their servile sources and suggest a possible tyranny which goes with a slavish use. They tell of a time when rank went with birth, not with worth.

Have we here in America a social caste determined by wealth and dress? Is there an attempt to perpetuate the distinctions of the feudal ages, the ranks of monarchic Europe by means of conventionalities which long since have ceased to mean anything in social science or in intelligence?

But less because of this ignoble origin, this vulgarity of "Style" that reaches back to vulgar ages, than because of its extravagance, its fearful waste of the precious accumulation of life, the terrible inroads it makes upon the three great wealths of life, money, time, strength, would I break the power of "Society."

Oh, let us be serious about this matter—honest about it. I am not expert at figures, as you have often had occasion to know, but there is need of figuring here. I have frequently called attention to the costliness of the drink and smoke habit among the men of our country. The sister bemoans the extravagance of her brother who spends from ten to fifty cents a day on cigars and cigarettes. Twenty-five cents a day would be ninety-one dollars a year. If that sister is a fashionable young lady, let her calculate how far that would go in meeting the expenses incident to the parties, dress parades and social shows she attends, and allows her struggling escort to incur for her. I am in close sympathy with that dress reform which seeks free limbs and hygienic conditions for all the organs of the body, but that dress reform that leaves out of consideration the divine economies, that has no thought of the labor in sight or out of sight involved in an elaborate dress, is wicked, is reckless. The woman who does not reduce the number of stitches in her dress to the minimum consistent with durability, grace and comfort, is a sinner. She is in league with the proprietors of the sweating-shops, with the capital that crushes. I look for an ethical development that will recoil from an expensive dress as it does from a wine supper, because it is an indulgence that costs too much money, if for no other reason. Again, I am not speaking to those who live in the "next county." The wardrobe is too great a drain upon the purses of men and women. We talk about the over-strain of men in trying to get rich, and wish they did not work so hard and were not so ambitious. But let us watch the women in their families, and note how the wardrobe keeps pace with the husband's prosperity until he arrives at that point where he must keep on making a lot of money or he will get snowed under with the bills "Society" piles upon him for the new dress for every swell wedding, the big party and the costly "at-homes" that must be had in order to pay up one's social debts. Much has been said in these days in protest against the encroaches of Mammon, the unwisdom, if not the sinfulness of money-making—and I have said my share—but I am not saying so much as I used to in this direction, because I am more and more persuaded that the money-maker is by far a more wholesome element in society than the money-spender. The world is burdened, not by its accumulations, but by its dissipations. Money is always the representative of accumulated toil somewhere. It always represents the triumphs of man over his surroundings. It is the product of mind working upon matter. Let it be piled up by whom it

t has in it the possibilities of ing the world. Some of the mill- of the Standard Oil Company fall over into divine usefulness, the Chicago University will rise of those accumulations. There is a dollar in this world but that is result first or last of human toil, of brain or toil of muscle. It may well that these results be piled up, oseph piled the wheat of Egypt in at store-houses for future exigen- . Even if the pile be accumulated nsily and unjustly, all of it that ot wasted will come in need in e famine days. Young man, go making money, but don't be fool ugh to waste it in smoke and k, don't throw it away after you e got it, on things that feed only and pride. Young wife, let your band make money if he will, but ot waste his precious nerve power ostly silks used to wrap simpering ness, or in perishable gauze in ch you will dance away your ngth and sell your soul for style. I rge "Society" with perverting funds of the world. That woman ht to be ashamed who asks for rity or bemoans a baffled interest education, who wishes to secure a book or a new picture for the use ne public while there is a diamond tening on her finger or a jeweled ch upon her breast. Let her con- her superfluities first, then let ask of others. I believe that the e has not yet come when diamonds jewels and the costly elaborations lress, even into forms of beauty, the legitimate objects of ambition any right-minded or right-hearted n or woman. I will say further, time has not yet come when they be worn without some danger to soul of the wearer. It is not yet est. That time will come, but until there is enough to go around. nwhile, Queen Isabella must again r her jewels in pawn that Colum- may sail, high problems be solved, new worlds be found and con- red. Let "Society" cease its ding temptations, and society, nd and noble, the shared interests humanity, assert its claims, and lth will be turned into thought- king, character-helping channels. en how divine will be the mission the money-maker. He is in the ct line of the primeval commis- n,—"Go forth to subdue and con- r the earth." In our anxiety for ney to do this and that good thing h, it is always for that other man's ney we are thirsting. We are ve to the sordidness of Jay Gould, nderbilt, and the millionaires nearer ne, but what about the money you ve locked up in a way that brings income of any kind soever except satisfaction of dazzling the eyes your fellow-mortals a few times in year at some swell reception or ss party?

But the money consideration is the st consideration. Money at best is epresentative of past energy, that, a pinch, we can do without, if we ve only present energy. "Soci- " cheats us of the present possibil- s by its inroads upon time and ength. We are all of us constantly n in one way or another, not by ty's calls, God be thanked for their actions. Next to being happy over ties done, I am thankful for that rtness of soul, that evidence of life ich is found in an unhappiness over ty undone. But we are torn by ocial calls" as we name them; the ing to keep our social accounts anced, the accepting of invitations refusal of which would cause of- se, or the chasing after pleasures ich after all do not please. If you ve a friend, he will be your friend ile you stay at home, and will be re your friend if you will ring his or-bell unbidden when your heart s out for him or your mind seeks re so ently

him. When I see good books going unread, great opportunities going unutilized, beautiful charities languishing, while actual society, interchange of thought, exchange of sympathies, fraternity of spirit, droop and die about us, all on account of the chase for "Society," social pleasures, social standing and social privileges, and some supposed advantage that comes therewith, I am filled with sadness and anxiety, and can but say with Herbert Spencer, in that splendid essay of his on "Manners and Fashion," "The whole thing is a gigantic mistake—an organized disappointment."

Do not smile this anxiety of mine out of mind. I am riding no extreme hobby. All young men and women who venture their lives in a great city like this will realize sooner or later that the city brings a curse or a blessing just in proportion as they resist or yield to the seductions of so-called "polite life," the "etiquette" of conventional and fashionable dissipations. It is given to but few young men and women to have time and strength left after the struggle for existence and for soul growth to indulge in these things for their profit or their hurt; it is given to still fewer of them to have the means that will warrant it, even in justice to their own immediate wants and those of a family. It is true that the wives of our young men, by their artificiality and their love for the conventionalities of life, often drive their more independent husbands into the freedom of the wine-table and the smoking room; and the dissipation of the wife, though more respectable, is not one whit more spiritual or noble than that of the husband.

I keep in the same book a record of the funerals and the marriages that I attend, and it makes me sad to look over the latter roll and realize that next to the certainty of death is the certainty that the marriage of my young people will remove them from the activities, privileges and sympathies of this church. Out of some sixty weddings in my parish, the number of young men and women who have remained in the line of their growth, in our church and Unity club, with an energy equal or exceeding that which was theirs before marriage, can almost be counted on the fingers of my two hands. They have been caught in the giddy round of social dissipation, which early becomes social weariness, and the husband has become more and more absorbed in a seven-day devotion to business, and the wife more and more given to the paradoxical pursuit of trying to counteract his money-making devotion by daily increasing the need of money. I have reason to believe this experience of mine is not a peculiar one, and that whatever it may be elsewhere, here in Chicago young people without inherited wealth must discover the secret of plain living if they would learn the joys of high thinking. They must eschew the tyranny of "Society" if they would taste the joy and strength of mental and religious society. And I would plead with the young men and women in this presence, live forever unmarried rather than marry to go out of the things that keep you alive on the intellectual side, sensitive to true social intercourse and alert to the calls of duty.

"Roger Latimer's Mistake" is the last Chicago novel. It was written by Mrs. Katherine Donelson, the widow of a Methodist minister, and a woman who has known much of both kinds of society. In this book there is pictured the sad temptation with which "Society" lured a young man from simple taste and simple love into the giddy rounds of suppers and operas, of invitations and of calls, musicales, dances and theatricals until his heart was as dead as a stone and his life as meager as that of a prisoner, but who through suffering broke through these gilded bonds, not of vice, but of refinement, not of sin, but of style. He escaped from the smiles of many women and found shelter and consolation in the love of one woman who preferred thought to gossip, art to fashion, godliness to popularity, and meditation to hilarity. I know not whether, on the whole, to recommend the book or not. I hope the "Society" life is overdrawn, but I know that the ultimate lesson is true, wholesome and a part of the everlasting gospel of character.

This leads me to ask, in conclusion, what is the relation of our social life to the home and to the church? Alas for him who builds a home with an outside, and gets along the best he can with the inside. Wise was the domestic architect of Greece, who presented the blank walls to the public side, but grace and wholesome beauty to the inmates. Too many homes are furnished with an eye to the visitor. If there is a best place in the house, live there. The home should have the privacy of a monastery, the seclusion of a nunnery. It should be as open as the man's own heart, as genial as the woman's smile, but let it be kept sacred from the desecration of unholy ambitions and the artificialities bequeathed us by our forefathers. Cold is that home to the inmates, where "company" is wooed and entertained only upon the most uncompanionable basis of costly dresses and a costly spread of indigestibles.

The church is the larger home. Living for principle, devoted to mind, it becomes the great social exchange of earnest people. But, alas if the church, committed to truth, the enemy of all lies, seeks to perpetuate itself by the social smiles and the artificial attentions of conventional society. Let the church die if it can live only by aping the giddy habits of society. Let it recruit by the power of its thought and the earnestness of its spirit, not by the diligence of the calling committee or the fruitless visits of the pastor, who goes his weary rounds in search of disaffected members. The modern church-goer, who seeks church relationships for the social returns they will bring, or the young man who seeks the place where he may find agreeable young ladies, might better stay at home.

The church that our times needs is one that will lead in a Protestantism against those social usages which dissipate the strength and stupefy the minds of men and women, a church that will place thought above compliment, reason above wealth, virtue above style. Let us have a church that will lift the old cathedral democracy of the mother-church, into the true Catholicity, where varying thought, as well as varying rank, will be glad to come into the common home of soul. Of all our inheritances, the most tyrannical are the conventionalities of creed, and the most tyrannical of all conventionalities to-day is the church tyranny. The ministers are separated from each other, and they hold their parishes apart, by a distinction more superficial and trifling than any of the distinctions of wealth and refinement, by which the fashionable would separate themselves from the non-fashionable.

While there exist these cruel, social distinctions made by dogmatic lines, as long as my Presbyterian neighbor does not dare take my hand, that would lead him to this platform to speak his own word to human souls, still less dares to offer me his hand, and let me speak my word, even for the things we believe in common, in his pulpit, I am glad there remains at least a dancing hall, a social board, and a "society" habit, that will bring together the Unitarian and the Presbyterian; for a mingling even on that lower plane is more divine, more helpful, than this exclusion on a higher plane. I regret the necessity that creates in our communities these so-called "social clubs," where the frivolities, amusements and recreations of life are offered distinct from, deliberately divorced from, the thought-life, the heart-life, the lend-a-hand and help-the-world life. I begrudge the money spent in these amenities, oftentimes so much of it spent that there is none of it left for the humanities, but these clubs are made a necessity by dogmatic Christianity. If cordiality and hospitality, the opportunity for exchange of heart and renewal of mind, must be rimmed by something severe, let it be a gold rim of the "social club," rather than a dogmatic rim of the sectarian church. An annual fee, even though it be rather high, is not so expensive a condition of comradeship as the signing of a creed which you do not understand, which, indeed, no one expects you to understand.

But there is something better than this "social club" which taboos all forms of religious thought and political conviction, and that is the church that welcomes to the bar of reason all forms of thought concerning celestial or terrestrial things. If the tyranny of artificial customs, of exacting conventionality, if the externality of fashion, the silly waste of time, money and health upon style, if the frivolities and absurdities of dress are ever to be corrected, it must be through the establishment of churches where nothing is foreign that is human, churches in which no man will be stranger; churches that will be academies of the higher life, social clubs indeed, but clubs with a devout and consecrated purpose; clubs with a prayerful side ever reaching for the kingdom of love; the church whose hospitality will be expressed in its spirit, its very walls rebuking exclusion and schism. Such a church will be too busy to make conventional exactions about calls. It will be too earnest to study the arts of pleasing and too sincere to allow the shams of the conventional life to enter its sanctuary. By its faith in truth, its reverence for God, its sympathy for man, it will be ever "tenderly affectionate one to another; in honor preferring one another; in diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing steadfastly in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality."

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago

Little Fer

Notes from the Field.

Boston.—The Monday Club will next discuss "Claims on Unitarians."

—It is planned that all the Unitarian clubs in and around Boston shall consult by delegation with the "Fraternity of churches on mission work and church extension" in our city and suburbs. Thus the co-operation of business man and clergymen will be secured.

—A priest from Persia, the old Mesopotamia, speaking the veritable language of Jesus and of the Hebrews of his time is now in New England soliciting from Christians of all denominations funds for his school and church.

—Rev. M. J. Savage spoke on the "Importance of Convictions" in the Vesper Course at the Second church.

—The late Worcester Cremation Society has merged into a new society with similar aim lately organized successfully here.

—At the last A. U. A. meeting there were appropriated $1,600 to Rev. Enoch Powell, missionary; $200 to Neillsville, Wis.; $750 to Lawrence, Kan.; $375 to Swedish church, Minneapolis, Minn.; $400 to Rev. L. R. Daniels, missionary in Michigan; $150 to Michigan State Conference; $300 to Lincoln, Neb., as end of its debt; $800 for current expenses, Lincoln, Neb.; $250 to Decorah, Ia.; $240 to Kendallville, Ind.; $360 to Sioux Falls; $250 to Jackson, Mich.; $550 to Illinois State Conference on conditions; $300 to Beatrice, Neb., for end of debt and $300 per annum for same society; $90 to Rev. Henry C. McDougall, Madison, Wis.; $40 to Mr. Jan Olafson, No. Dakota; $100 to Geneva, Ill.

Greeley, Col.—A friend sends us a copy of the *Tribune*, published here, which contains a copy of a discourse on the old question, "Why am I a Unitarian?" by Rev. R. E. Blount. The writer gives two reasons which make up his answer to this question. First, he is in a Unitarian church because he must be in that, if with his advanced and radical views on religious matters he wishes to preserve his connection with any church. Second, because he can give full and hearty acceptance to the principles of his faith.

"The aim of our church determines the basis of our fellowship. All who wish to work with us for the attainment of our lofty object are welcome among us. We set no moral standard to which a man must come before he will be admitted to our fellowship. If his life is spiritually poor, we hope to enrich it with our friendship and encouragement. Helping him will be a means of our own growth in graciousness. We set no standard of doctrine to which a man must come, and no limit of thought beyond which he may not go, if he is to be a member of our church. We are *seeking* truth. The search can be conducted with good results only as the seeker is free."

Denver, Col.—The February number of *Unity Notes* is at hand, the monthly publication of Unity Church. From it we learn that Rev. David Utter, of Salt Lake City, is at work organizing the mission at Ogden, Utah, with a regular society, preaching there Sunday evenings. The society in Salt Lake City has issued its first year book, showing a membership of 150, and an average attendance on the Sunday services of 300. The place of meeting is Salt Lake Theater. We are also told that the work of the young society at Helena, Mont., under the new pastor, Rev. J. H. Crooker is progressing in an encouraging fashion.

—Mr. Eliot, of Denver, is delivering a course of sermons on "The Law of Liberty." They are arranged as follows: February 7, "The Law of Liberty;" February 14, "Religious Progress Under the Law of Liberty;" February 21, "The Relation between Civil and Religious Liberty;" February 28, "Organized Religious Liberty;" March 6, "Social Reform Under the Law of Liberty."

Minneapolis, Minn.—We learn from the secular press that Mr. H. V. Berghell, the new lecturer of the Swedish Unitarian society is meeting with marked success. He is spoken of as a man of fine education, a graduate of the University of Dorpat, with eight languages more or less at his command, and an accomplished scholar in the sciences. He has also been an extensive traveler, and took an active part in the Russo-Turkish war, being wounded at the battle of Plevna. Mr. Berghell speaks every Sunday to an audience of about five or six hundred, and the new movement seems well under way. In his early life Mr. Berghell was connected with the liberal religious movement in Sweden, and was at one time imprisoned for the utterance of his heretical opinions.

Richmond, Ind.—A correspondent from this place writes that this is an old city, "orthodox to the back-bone," but he adds that "the leaven of distrust" is working, and the liberal element is still hoping for a day of greater freedom in the expression of religious ideas. At present, he says, the Prohibition meetings afford about the only chance for the honest and untrammeled discussion of opposing views.

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Brattleboro, Vermont.—DEAR UNITY: I vote for Chicago for the National Conference. If our ministers and laymen could in some way make themselves heard, I think the general voice would say Chicago.

Yours truly,

F. L. PHALEN.

Jamestown, N. D.—We learn from one of the local press that Rev. Helen G. Putnam lately lectured in the Congregational church here on "Fiction as an Educator." The lecture is well spoken of.

Sioux Falls.—Miss Amy D. Allison and Rev. Arthur H. Grant, pastor of All Souls Church, were married by Rev. E. G. Wilkes March 3, 1892. We extend congratulations.

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DEPARTURE FROM THE MOSAIC MORALITY.

1. From the Negative to the Positive.
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6. From Authority to Reason.
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8. From the Priestly to the Lay.
9. From the National to the Cosmopolitan.
10. From the Provisional to the Permanent.

CHAPTER II.

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CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM THE GRÆCO-ROMAN MORALITY.

1. From the Interest of the Fortunate to that of the Unfortunate; and herein:
   (a) From the Rich to the Poor.
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2. From the Interest of Self to that of Others; and herein:
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   (b) From Family to Neighbors.
   (c) From Friends to Strangers.
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3. From Hardiness to Kindliness; and herein:
   (a) From Indifference to Love.
   (b) From Revenge to Forgiveness.
   (c) From Opposition to Non-Resistance.
   (d) From Interest'd to Disinterest'd Benevolence.

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Chicago Daily News:—Mr. Bierbower's book affords an admirable example o the scientific treatment of a historical subject. He has carefully analyzed the old world ethical systems which chiefly concern the modern civilized world, and in this book he has so classified the elements revealed by that analysis as to give them a high scientific value. His book is almost as systematic as a treatise upon one of the exact sciences, and stands in fine contrast to the rambling ethical discussions of which we hear so much and which leads us nowhere. How systematically Mr. Bierbower has gone to work appears from the very opening passage of the book. He attacks his subject directly and without any preliminary flourish. * * * If all authors were to state their theses as clearly as Mr. Bierbower has stated his, readers might be able to practice a great economy. * * * Mr. Bierbower begins in a way so attractive to the scientific sense, and deals with so interesting a subject, that few will be likely to lay it aside after the perusal of the introductory paragraphs above quoted. The systematic treatment which is thus given at the very start is kept up to the end.

N. Y. Independent:—That Mr. Austin Bierbower has produced a remarkably suggestive and striking treatise in his recent *Morals of Christ* is not affected by our inability to go with him to the full length of all his conclusions. * * * On the whole Mr. Bierbower has done the thing which needed to be done. He has made an impressive and in all ways suggestive comparison of Christian morality with ancient secular ethics, and has shown that the comparison is not only in favor of Jesus, but that his teaching is essentially new and unworldly, and that it contains elements which imply more than transcendant moral illumination. Mr. Bierbower thinks and writes with a freshness that is all his own.

Christian Register (Boston):—Written in a clear, intelligent style and with an earnestness of purpose that at once commands attention; * * * full of matter both suggestive and readable.

Atlantic Monthly:—An interesting and forcible little book in which the author undertakes to differentiate Christ's morality from the Jewish or childish, the Pharisaic or ecclesiastic, and the Græco-Roman or worldly. Much of the discrimination is of value.

Inter Ocean:—The book is remarkable for its uniqueness as well as high literary character. Whatever may be the personal opinions of the author upon any debatable point of theology and philosophy, he has discussed his subject without the slightest dogmatism. One would have said that a book devoted to the founder of the Christian religion would of necessity clash with the theological views of some of the countless schools of theology, ranging as they do from the implicit faith of a Moody to the absolute negation of an Ingersoll. This avoidance of theological controversy does not appear to have been specially sought by the author. On the contrary, he evidently wrote with the utmost freedom. He simply adhered with unswerving fidelity to the subject in hand, and as a consequence, steered clear of rocks and sand bars. It may well be doubted if another so thoroughly non-controversial work on Christ's teachings can be found in the entire range of the literature of the Christian era.

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—*Geo. Ebers.*

Thor.

The earth is a captive
With icy chains fettered,
The frost giants forged them fast;
Links, rivets and bolts so strong
From Winter's great storehouse drawn,
They meant them till doomsday to last.

But Thor throws his hammer
And comes a great clamor
Lit up by his eyes' fierce gleams.
The fetters are breaking,
The earth is awaking
With a shock from still snow dreams.

ALICE GORDON.

Hamilton, Ill.

The English Sparrow.

Much of the abuse that is bestowed pon this little immigrant is, we ink, based more upon ignorant prejdice than upon real observation of ie bird's habits. That it is he who driving our native birds from the elds and gardens and waysides is ery doubtful. The village boy with is gun, and those nest robbers who and themselves into amateur natualist societies in order to carry on their efarious depredations under the prext of scientific study, are the greatst offenders. But among real bird overs the English sparrow is not vithout friends and defenders. Mr. Mandeville Mower, of New York, ives the following interesting acount of some of his personal obserations, which are illustrative of the ood qualities of the bird:

"In the early summer of 1874 a servnt found in my yard, where it had allen from one of the bird houses, a oung cock sparrow—so young that he ould not feed himself. I took him and rought him up, feeding him with a uill, and sometimes from my mouth. He throve and became so attached to ne that he went about the house with ne, eating from my fingers and lips. Grip, for that was his name, lived to be over ten years old and was never quarrelsome, but always amiable, and was truly mourned when he died.

"My second sparrow, called Toby, I found, one day in the summer of 1878, in the yard. He was not fully fledged, and as he was tame—running after me and eating from my hand—I concluded that he had been brought up by some one before I got him. Toby was more pugnacious than Grip, besides being smarter, and so tame that he went with me wherever I went in the house, perched on my shoulder, or in the pocket of my dressing-gown, where he delighted to nestle. He would also cuddle in my lap as I lay reading on the lounge, and make little sorties from time to time to peck at my moustache, hair, or ears, as the case might be.

"He had many cunning little tricks, such as taking a bit of twine which he held in his bill and hanging suspended from it, running up a ladder, using my fingers for that purpose, etc. He lived to be over twelve years old, and, like Mark Tapley, was always jolly. Both those sparrows were so well known that visitors frequently asked to see them.

"As I write they are close to me, being mounted together in death as they were united in life—their combined lives exceeding twenty-two years, while in nature the average length of a sparrow's life is but four years.

"A third sparrow, as it was found among the bushes, was called Moses, which name I was obliged, from the natural order of things, to change to Mosella. In connection with her, I had the good fortune to observe an example of a mother's love—that love which passeth all understanding and knoweth not fear. The little bird was so young that it could not feed itself, so I placed it in a cage by the open window, with the blinds shut, leaving the slats open. I was surprised and delighted to see that the mother found it out and fearlessly hopped into the room, regardless of my presence, and fed it, continuing to do so until it could take care of itself. 'Mosy,' who was so very timid—perhaps because she was a hen—lived with me for several years.

The fourth sparrow I found fully grown, though young, in my yard, where some one had flung it, with one of his wings severely injured. I amputated the mutilated portion of its wing, and nursed it back to health. Though not as tame as Grip and Toby, it was much milder in its disposition—being, in fact, the most gentle sparrow I ever encountered.

It is owing to the English sparrow (they were imported for the purpose), I think, that we are freed from the plague of the measure worm, which formerly infested the trees of our city and rendered walking under them very unpleasant, besides denuding them of their foliage. Another good trait which I have observed is their custom of helping each other in distress, which always reminds me of Commodore Tatnall's famous remark when he hastened to the assistance of the English fleet in China: "Blood is thicker than water." I can not help thinking that God, in his infinite wisdom, created even the English sparrow for some wise purpose, for does not the Bible say, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father?"

I think Coleridge must have had this idea in his mind when he wrote in his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" the lines:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

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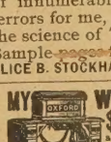

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Publisher's Notes.

OPINIONS ABOUT A BOOK.

From the Boston *Commonwealth*: "'The Faith that Makes Faithful' is the title of a tasteful little parchment covered quarto by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. It contains eight essays or sermons on moral and religious subjects, and will bring comfort to the hearts of many weary and discouraged pilgrims through this vale of tears. Mr. Gannett has contributed four of the essays—'Blessed be Drudgery,' 'I Had a Friend,' 'A Cup of Cold Water,' 'Wrestling and Blessing,' and Mr. Jones has contributed the others—'Faithfulness,' 'Tenderness,' 'The Seamless Robe,' and 'The Divine Benediction.' These subjects are treated in a thoughtful, earnest way that commands attention and can certainly be productive of nothing but good to the reader."

From the *Church Messenger* (Episcopalian): "This book consists of eight essays, written alternately by the authors whose names it bears. It treats of ministering faith, that which lies not passively in the heart and soul, but which lives and moves and has a being—a being to do, as well as to be good. But alas! It makes our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ only Perfect Man in the great drama of Ministering Faith. He is an exponent of it, unfailing and faultless—more so than other men—but only so. In reading these brilliant, almost unexampled essays, one can but exclaim, 'There is one thing needful'—one thing to complete their beauty and wondrous helpfulness, and that is the *Christ!* This qualification, of course, is radical: and yet the reader is better for having read, for, after all, there is that in the pages so divinely human that one is baptized with an inspiration of sympathy in the name of toiling, suffering, longing, and loving man. To review such a book honestly, is, for a *Christian*, a mournful task. The authors write so like Christians, and yet leave out the Christ."

From the New York *Independent* (Evangelical): "In these times, when the tendency of religion is to run into sentiment of faith, to stop short of practical effect on the life, there is great good in such a series of addresses as that published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, under the title 'The Faith that Makes Faithful.' It is a series of pregnant, pointed and pithy addresses by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, which we take for sermons, though not all of them are in the conventional pulpit form which starts from a Bible text. 'Blessed be Drudgery,' the first in the series, is a homily on the ancient law. 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' with a good and vigorous glance now and then, at the stalwart ethics of 'Poor Richard's Almanack.' The whole series is calculated to bring religion into closer connection with life, to improve its quality by the same means which extends its usefulness."

From the *Interior* (Presbyterian): "While these essays are often lively and profitable reading, some of them should be given a very wide berth, as rationalistic in religion and untrue in fact." In a note on the fifth edition the same paper says: "'The Faith that Makes Faithful' has met with a welcome not often accorded to small volumes of homilies. Its latest issue is made up, as was the first, of eight short discourses on moral principles and spiritual living."

From *Zion's Herald* (Methodist): "The book is a benediction to the wearied and heavy-laden, in interpreting to them that faithfulness to present burdens, however heavy or uncongenial, is God's appointed mission for them, and develops, if done in the spirit of obedience and loyalty, the noblest characters. It is a unique volume to present to the tried, the tempted and the sorrowing."

From *The Standard* (Baptist): "Much as there is in the book of excellent advice, especially for young men, and much as we admire its trenchant style, we can only say of it as a whole that it is a thousand pities a book so good was not made very much better—as certainly it might have been if the 'faith' it recommends were faith indeed. We know, for our part, of only one 'Faith that makes Faithful,' and that is the faith which 'lives by *every word* that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'"

From the *Christian Union* (Evangelical): "These essays, thoughtful and interesting, will hold the attention of the reader, and give him fresh inspiration to toil. If the book contained only the first, on 'Blessed be Drudgery,' it would be worthy of publication. 'A Cup of Cold Water' contains the wisest advice that can be given, and portrays the essence of modern chivalry. All are good and wholesome. It has reached its fifth thousand, and should go on to the tenth."

From the *Evangelist* (Presbyterian): "Excellent thoughts, apt stories, a humane spirit, but no magnifying of Christ in our sense of the word."

From the *Religious Telescope* (United Brethren): "The book is rightly named. It contains eight beautiful, touching, inspiring and establishing essays. . . The book is one which touches the heart and makes one better. Its aim is to show a living faith and religion—that which tells on mankind."

From the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* (orthodox): "Interesting and suggestive at some points, but not evangelical."

From the *Christian at Work* (orthodox): "Full of tenderness and eloquence, and will make healthful impressions on the heart and mind of the reader."

From the *Western Churchman* (Episcopalian): "Contains much that is good and helpful, but has the tone of the so-called 'liberal' faith."

From the *Church Press* (Episcopalian): "Judged from the orthodox standpoint, the discourses in this book could not be classified as sermons. But as practical, living, comforting essays or speeches, they are indeed praiseworthy. We can not commend nor agree with much these little books contain, but on the other hand, they contain very much more which we most heartily approve, and which we should rejoice to have read by every one. The article or sermon—call it what you please—in the first named volume on "Blessed be Drudgery," is so full of helpful comfort, it plucks the sting from so many of humanity's pains and complaints, it is pervaded by such a cooling breeze, that one, rising from its perusal, is sure to join in the author's exordium, 'Blessed be Drudgery—the secret of all culture.' We praise these books, not for their theology, but for their practical helpfulness, for their pure diction, for the sweet spirit pervading them."

From the *American Hebrew*: "Eight practical sermons, devoted to teaching the better life, and finding the inspiration thereto in religious principles. The authors accept large scientific views of life, its origin and its fulfillment; none can read their productions without edification."

From the *Congregationalist* (orthodox): "The book contains six chapters of suggestions how to apply religion to life. The authors are Unitarian ministers, but in these pages they appear to make prominent the practical gospel, which all should study and practice."

From the *Ohio Farmer*: "The first sermon in the book, on the culture that comes through drudgery, is well worth the fifty cents which the book costs, to every one who has daily labor of any sort to do, whether mental or manual. It will comfort every poor, tired housekeeper and laborer of any sort, to read this encouraging lesson."

From the *Contributor* (orthodox): "Some of the sermons are tender and beautiful in sentiment, but we regret to find the Bible story of a wrestling Jacob classed with myths and legends, the author of the work thereby proving himself to be an unreliable guide."

From the Boston *Evening Transcript*: "These sermons are emphatically the outcome of living religious experiences. They are lacking in that background of history which is so apparent in more conservative theology, but they fully compensate for this deficiency by their earnestness and vitality. Those people who turn for their religion to the distant past, will find few familiar phrases in these pages; but all who try to make their religion a thing of the present, who try to find living remedies for living difficulties, will be greatly helped by this little publication. Published by C. H. Kerr & Co."

From the *Advance* (orthodox Congregational): "Light essays, pleasantly written, and full of pleasant, helpful thoughts and practical suggestions."

From the *Utah Christian Advocate* (Methodist): "This is not a book for surface people, for the mind that delights to skim light fiction; but for earnest, thoughtful souls it furnishes food."

From the *Journal and Messenger* (Baptist): "This little paper-bound volume contains much of real beauty and worth. Few could read it without a nobler conception of the possibilities of making life ideal and worthy, even amid the commonest duties. The chapters on 'Blessed be Drudgery,' 'Faithfulness,' and 'Tenderness,' are very inspiring. One can but sigh with regret as, amid so much of sweet and tender portrayal of helpful truths, an occasional sneer at the great facts of Christianity is discovered. Why the Unitarian authors needed to lug in these blemishes upon otherwise beautiful work, they of course know better than we."

Traveling Abroad. — People desirous of visiting Europe or Palestine should address Gaze & Sons, tourist agents, New York, for full information. Their advertisement appears in our columns this week.

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Last spring I offered $500 to any person producing a 3 lb. **Mammoth Prize Tomato**! T. R. Harris, Abbott, Neb., won it with one weighing 3 lbs. 8½ ozs., and I sent him my check for $500. It measured over 8½ in. in diameter. 57 tomatoes grew on one stem over 3 feet from the ground. Largest plant on record **18 ft. 6 in.** tall. This mammoth strain creates a sensation wherever it goes, and is the largest ever offered. Thousands of my customers have grown them to weigh over 45 ozs. The quality is excellent; after you once test it you will grow no others. If well cared for they will produce 1 bu. to a plant (see cut) of large, smooth, bright red tomatoes, very solid with only a few seeds in each, and entirely free from rot. If started early, fruit ripens from July 4th until frost. This year I offer **$500 Cash** to any person producing a 3½ lb. tomato. (It can be done.) Full directions how Mr. Harris grew his with each order. Plant some, you may win the prize. All my seed is saved from large specimens.

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